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Jan 20th.

## SWEET MELODY FLOUR

### FRESH MILK FOR SALE.

On and after Monday January 25 I will receive fresh milk from the country daily and will sell it in any quantity to all customers.

BEUCHLER'S BAKERY,  
319 Pike Street

## SWEET MELODY FLOUR

### MISS PEARL MODISPAUGH

has opened a restaurant and ice cream parlor on Monticello avenue, at No. 316. She invites the patronage of all. apr 13-14

## SWEET MELODY FLOUR

### FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAP

For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturge & Co., and R. J. Criss.

## A MISSION BRIDE

(Original.)

Among those who passed over the gangplank out of the ship was a comely girl who looked about her expectantly. A young man stepped up to her and, lifting his hat, asked:

"Can I be of service to you?"

"I have come here," replied the girl hesitatingly to meet my—my affianced."

"I see," said the young man, speaking in a very pleasant, sympathetic tone. "Yours is one of those cases wherein the bishop does the courting by proxy. You are assigned to one of the workers here. Do you care to give me his name?"

"Herbert Tingley."

"And yours?"

"Lena Crawley."

"I don't envy you. This marrying a man whom you—I suppose you have never seen him?"

"No."

"How would you like to meet him in person?"

"I would like it very much."

"Well, let me see to remain incognito to you must lodge where no one is interested in mission work. There's a house up yonder where I think they'll take you in. Tomorrow I'll pass before your window with your affianced, and in the evening I'll bring him to call upon you. Does he expect you?"

"No; there was no ship coming here by which to notify him before the Star of the East, in which I have come."

"That's fortunate. Well, I'd better leave you here. I shall be happy to serve you in any way in my power. Good evening."

The girl put out her hand and grasped his warmly. He had spoken so kindly, so soothingly. She had scarcely realized the distress of the position in which she was to be placed until she had stepped ashore. How fortunate that she should have met this man! Oh, that the person to whom she had been assigned would be half so winning!

She found a lodging in the house designated. Indeed, in that small community of exiles—for such they were—no one coming from a civilized land would be refused. A motherly woman gave her a good room and saw that she was comfortably settled in it. Moreover, the girl was pleased that her hostess refrained from questioning her.

The next day she noticed the man who had met her walking back and forth slowly before the house with an other in clerical dress—a short, thick-set, red-headed man, who wore glasses. The girl's heart sank within her.

"I can never do it," she gasped. "I'm going back on the Star of the East."

Then she remembered that her father's lifelong friend, the bishop, had told her that the man to whom he had assigned her was one of nature's noblemen. "It must be in spirit," she muttered. "It is certainly not in the flesh."

That evening the two men called together, sending in cards on which were printed "Herbert Tingley" and "Walter T. Drolan."

"This is the lady," said the gentleman who had befriended her, "of whom I was speaking to you. She came yesterday on the Star of the East and proposes, I believe, to make her home with us. Knowing your kindly interest in strangers, I propose to bring you to visit her. Then you can send the ladies of the mission to call upon her."

"Pleased to meet you," said the clerical man, with the air of one who wondered what business his friend had to put him to so much trouble. Indeed his manner in every respect was repellent. He plunged in to ask a number of questions, fortunately without giving the girl time to reply to them.

The man who had introduced him sat listening without interrupting him. The girl did not seem to hear a word. She made a resolution to go back home on the Star of the East and was trying to remember what she had heard is to the date of sailing. She wished it was tomorrow. Finally, when the man had tired of listening to himself talk—for he had no other audience—he looked at his friend and half rose from his seat, as much as to suggest a departure.

"I think I'll remain a little longer," said the other. "I want to give the young lady some information she needs. But don't stay if you have other matters. I'm very much obliged to you for coming with me."

"Yes, I'm a busy man. The superintendent has been leading me down with work lately. He says I'm the only man he can get to carry out his plans. His plans! Why, I've planned very much he has made. But he doesn't know it. He thinks he has planned everything himself. Well (to the girl), good night. Ta-ta, Tingley. And with a puff and a snort he was gone.

So thoroughly appalled was Miss Crawley at the idea of passing her life with this boisterous man that she did not notice the name by which he addressed his friend. She sank on to a sofa and covered her face with her hands.

"Ta-ta, Tingley," was repeated from without under the window. The girl removed her hands. The stranger was sitting on the sofa beside her with a very pleasant smile on his face.

"Tingley?" she exclaimed. "Why—why, I thought he was Mr. Tingley?"

"I have a confession to make," said her companion. "I was satisfied with you when I met you on the wharf, but I wanted you to have an opportunity to see me before knowing me to be your affianced husband. Will you remain or will you return on the Star of the East?"

"I will remain."

AGATHA W. ODELL.

Trifling Lesson in Flattery.

To flatter a woman tell her she is beautiful; to flatter a man tell him he is working too hard.—Philadelphia Record.

Ignorance is the primary source of all misery and vice.—Cousin.

## ULLOA'S CIRCLES.

The White Rainbow and One Occasion When It Was Observed.

A wonderful atmospheric phenomenon, described by both Ulloa and Bonger, was first observed by the first named gentleman during the stay of himself and party in the Pinchinnia.

One morning at daybreak the whole mountain top was covered with a dense fog. After a short while the atmosphere became tolerably clear with the exception of a few vaporous clouds. While the travelers were watching the gradual disappearance of the fog one of them turned quickly and perceived an image of himself distinctly mirrored on that quarter of the sky opposite the rising sun. The figure appeared to stand in the center of three concentric rings which were shaded with different colors, while around was a fourth and much larger ring tinted with but a single hue. The outermost edge of each of the interior rings was crimson, the next orange, with a shade of pale yellow, the innermost tint being of a brilliant green.

When first seen these rings were hardly circular in form, but they soon became perfect. But as they did so, which depended on the rising of the sun toward the zenith, the colors gradually disappeared until finally the whole apparition faded like a mirage from the gaze of the astonished spectators.

## THE QUEER MANDINGOES.

In This African Tribe the Wives Wear the Trousers.

The Mandingoes, who inhabit a tract of country in Africa, are strict Mohammedans in religion; but, curiously enough, they still retain many of the superstitions of the negro races from which they sprang. Consequently their marriage ceremony is a mixture of the two, and, although it is performed by a marabout or holy man in the mosque, it contains one very ridiculous element.

Next in importance to the marabout is the bridegroom's sister, and when the marriage ceremony reaches the point where the visible bond, usually typified in civilization by the ring, this sister presents the lady with a pair of trousers, which are immediately donned.

The ceremony is concluded by a very mournful song sung by the companions of the bride, who then conduct her again to the home of her parents, as, owing to the extreme probability of one or the other retracting at any moment by reason of an unfavorable omen, no house is built until the ceremony is completed. Polygamy is the rule, but each wife has her own house. They are the most tyrannical wives in Africa and, hating each other, band together against their husband and rule him with a rod of iron.

## MOSAIC WORK.

How Paintings are Reproduced in the Little Colored Squares.

In order to reproduce a painting in mosaic the artists or artisans take a flat sheet of iron of the same size as the painting surrounded by a border about an inch high. This receptacle is then filled with plaster so as to obtain a perfectly flat surface. On this the outlines of the figures are drawn. The plaster is then cut up into small squares, which are to be removed and gradually replaced by as many small squares of mosaic of the same size as the holes left empty when the plaster is taken away—a new plaster made of travertine dust, lime and linseed oil is poured.

After three days this new plaster acquires the necessary consistency, and in this the artist sticks the little colored squares. When all the surface of the plaster is covered with these colored pieces of mosaic the whole is washed with sand and water until it becomes quite smooth. The colored pieces are made of mixtures of different minerals, like arsenic, lead, glass, etc. These minerals are placed, in an oven, and the different colors are obtained by the different degrees of heat, and as many as 28,000 various colors can be obtained.

## How Wood Lasts in a Dry Place.

In situations so free from moisture that we may practically call them dry the durability of timber is almost unlimited. The roof of Westminster hall is more than 450 years old. In Sterling castle are carvings in oak well preserved over 300 years of age. Scotch fir has been found in good condition after a known use of 300 years, and the trusses of the roof of the basilica of St. Paul's, Rome, were sound and good after a thousand years of service.

## A Chinese Secret.

When a Chinaman wants to have a tooth drawn he feels no nervous apprehension of pain, for the excellent reason that he knows his dentist will not inflict any, it is said. The latter simply rubs a secret powder over the aching tooth. After about five minutes the patient sneezes, and the tooth falls out. Many attempts have been made by Europeans to get some of this mysterious powder, but no one has yet succeeded.

## Perversity of the Baby.

A father of much experience says: "Wash a baby clean and dress him up real pretty and he will resist all advances with the most superlative crossness, but let him eat molasses, gingerbread and fool around the coal hole for half an hour and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt bosom and be just the loveliest, cunningest little rascal in all the world."—Chicago Post.

## Addition.

Bessie had begun to go to school, and each day she would come home with something new to tell. She had been learning addition, when she came home for dinner and said, "I know how much two and two make."

"And what," said her father, "do you and I make?"

Bessie studied a minute and then said, "Sweethearts."—Little Chronicle.

## Bread Cast On the Waters

(Original.)

It was in the spring of 1863 that the wife of Colonel Travers, who had fallen in one of the battles of the civil war fighting for the Confederacy, called one of her former slaves into her house and thus spoke to him:

"Zach, you have for some time been a freeman; but, unlike the rest of my men and women, you have continued to stay with me and work for me. I have not been surprised at this, for you have always served me faithfully. You know that besides this plantation I own a small one in the next county. It is of no use to me, since I have no people to work it. The buildings are going to ruin, and the fences having been used for firewood by the soldiers of both sides, the place is left entirely unprotected. I have determined to give the plantation to you. There is a deed for it. Take it and see whether you can make the gift valuable."

"What—what—yo' goin' to do, mistress? Yo' goin' to gib away de place widout nuthin' paid fo' it?"

"Yes, Zach. I'm going to give it to you, hoping that it may serve as some reward for your devotion to me during trying times, for standing by me through four bitter years of war when your master was away in the army and since you were made free by the proclamation, I still have this large plantation, but I don't feel that I can make it pay me anything. I am unused to hiring hands to work, and I have not the business capacity nor the capital to raise and dispose of a crop. You can begin in a small way, doing some of the work yourself and hiring a few hands to help you when necessary. Go, Zach. I wish you success."

"Mistress," said the negro, "if yo'll let me kiss yo' hand once I'll take yo' gift and see what I can do with it." She held out her hand to him, and he touched it reverently with his lips, then went out to take possession of his plantation.

Twenty years passed.

The widow had each year made a desperate effort to raise a crop of cotton and market it. Some years she had succeeded in reaping sufficient profit to enable her to live and put in the seed for the next year's crop. But she found that when she most needed hands the negroes were least willing to engage, and when she succeeded in inducing them to do so there was no way of keeping them up to their work. The days of the overseer were ended, and the widow had not found a substitute. The consequence was that at last she saw herself an old, broken down woman, her buildings dilapidated for want of having been kept up, her farming utensils either broken or taken away by her hired hands and her treasury empty.

Meanwhile Zach had proceeded on the advice given him by his mistress, beginning by working a few acres himself, saving most of the proceeds of his crops, repairing his buildings with his own hands during the winter season and, as his boys grew older, availing himself of their help. Every season he cultivated more acres than the preceding one till the whole plantation was productive. While many planters sold their best seed to the cottonseed oil manufacturers Zach declined to sell his seed at any price, putting it all into the ground. The result was that he got larger crops, better cotton and higher prices than his neighbors. The time came when he had more money in bank than he cared to use in his plantation.

Zach had often visited his former mistress and begged her to let him do something for her, but the idea of accepting anything from one who had been her slave was repugnant to her, and she always concealed her impoverished condition. But one morning Zach went to the old plantation and as he entered the grounds noticed that there was not a negro on the place. Going into the house he found his mistress sitting before a table on which, though it was her dinner hour, there was nothing but corn pone. The tears came into the man's eyes.

"Mistress," he said, "yo' hain't been treatin' me fair. Yo' been sayin' yo' didn't need nuthin', and here yo' air eatin' what won't fit fo' yo' field hands in de days when Mars Cunnel war a libin. Yo' gib me yo' leetle plantation, and I tuk it. Now yo' need meat and bread an' yo' won't take 'em from me. I know I hain't fittin' to gib nuthin' to a fine white lady who always gib things away herself, but this air gottin' into a bad way—a mighty bad way—and somepin' hes to be done. I hain't goin' to stand it no longer. I'd come hyer and wuk yo' plantation fo' yo' myself, but I haf to hire a lot of dese low niggers, and I got nuff of 'em now. I got a cheek fo' some cotton dis mawnin', and I'm goin' to make it paid to yo'. Don't say nuthin'; I hain't gibin' yo' no money—only gibin' yo' back a leetle bit of what yo' gib me. What I be today widout yo' gibin' me dat plantation?"

While speaking the last words he was making for a writing desk, and, despite the old lady's protest, he wrote on the back of the check the only letters he had ever learned to write, "Zach Travers," and laid the paper before her.

Later, when she gave a reluctant consent to accept the amount offered, Zach took the check to the bank, drew the money and, after making some necessary purchases, brought it back to her. From that time forward, on the first day of every month, she received from Zach a check for \$100.

LAURA EVERTON.

## A No-probate.

Teacher—Well, Tom, where are you going? Tom (aged six)—Please, m, I'm going to the Band of "Ope, Teacher. And is little Willie (aged three) going, too, or is he too young to belong to the Band of Hope? Tom—No, m; it's not that, but he ain't a teetotaler.—London.

## BEATING GOLD LEAF

THE WAY THE SQUARES OF METAL ARE WORKED UNDER THE HAMMER.

Gradually Reduced in Thickness Until the Sheets Are Transparent and So Fine That 300,000 of Them in a Pile Would Measure but an Inch.

A local sign writer was in the window of a large F street establishment putting gold leaf on the outlines of letters he had made with a stencil. The curiosity of a reporter was aroused as to how these tiny sheets of gold were reduced to such minute thickness. A visit to the establishment of one of Washington's largest sign writers and a talk with the proprietor brought forth the following:

"I learned the gold beater's trade in Rochester some years ago. Imagine a slab of gold measuring eight inches in width, ten inches in length and half an inch in thickness being reduced to 3,520 sheets of gold, each dyo inches square and almost transparent, and you get a vague idea of the queer industry known as gold beating.

"Imagine a square of gold three-hundredths of an inch in thickness, and you will appreciate the brawn and brain making for the result, and then reflect that the word 'beating' means just 'beating'—for no power other than the strength of a man's arm is used in the process—and you will have been mentally initiated into the mysteries of a silent art.

"Few persons are familiar with the work for several reasons: First, there are less than twenty-five gold beating establishments in the country; second, it is an exclusive industry, and few, either manufacturers or laborers, are admitted to its secrets, and, third, the trade is limited. Therefore it is a most interesting study.

"The gold beater buys direct from the government assay office, where the gold is weighed, stamped and guaranteed. A fraction too much of alloy would cause it to pulverize or part into fragments. Twenty-three carat gold is used exclusively. Usually the gold comes in nuggets weighing fifty-five pennyweights and valued at \$55 each.

"After the gold has been received it is placed in a crucible and made ready for the beating about to follow. It is molded into a shape which will fit into the only power machine in the place which compresses the gold into a ribbon ten yards in length, one inch in width and one thirty-second inch in thickness. Out of this ribbon are cut 220 squares of equal size.

"The work of reducing is begun. To each workman is given twenty-five squares, and these he places between the leaves of a book. This book is a 'kutch' paper and is sealed with a patent envelope device which prevents the loss of particles of gold, a precaution made necessary by the many turnings and floppings of the book in the process. A sixteen pound hammer is used, and the beater is compelled to work uninterruptedly for twenty minutes to gain the desired measurement.

"Wielding a sixteen pound hammer for a few seconds only is exhausting work for the uninitiated, but the beaters hammer away as if it was boys' play. They must grasp the end of the hammer farthest from the head, which increases its weight, but the benches they use are so constructed that they cause a small rebound of the hammer.

"When the 'kutch' book is opened twenty-five sheets are taken out, and each sheet of gold is cut into four pieces. Its thickness has been reduced in the operation from one thirty-second of an inch to one one-hundredth of an inch. Twenty-five of these squares are put into a book called the 'shodder.' The 'shodder' is not a paper, but a skin, and it is said that certain intestinal parts of 500 oxen are required to make a package or book of twenty-five papers. The 'shodder' is made in England by a secret process. It is the most exclusive industry in the world.

"Like the 'kutch' book, the 'shodder' book is sealed and handed to the artist, who is required to pound it ninety minutes with a twelve pound hammer. This reduces the thickness, and when it is taken out of the book each leaf of gold is again cut into one inch squares. This time the gold is so fragile that a metal knife blade, no matter how sharp, would break the edges; so a knife with double blades is used, requiring only two strokes to cut a square.

"Now comes the last beating. Each square is again put into a book called a 'mold.' Forty minutes' beating is required to give this the proper size. When the leaves of gold are removed they are transparent, but perfect in shape and unbroken. It would require 300,000 of them to make one inch in thickness.

"The last operation is to send them to the bookbinding room, where women remove the gold leaves and place them in wax paper books ready for sale. The leaves are so delicate that they can be handled only with bamboo sticks. So adhesive is the gold that if a leaf is broken in removing it is easily patched without a trace of it being apparent to the naked eye."—Washington Star.

## Story of a Widow's Mite.

Here's a "widow's mite" story. A widow in West Bromwich, England, obtained a farthing in a breach of promise action she brought against a faithless sweetheart. She put it in the window of her tobacco shop with a printed warning to trusting women to beware of "Mizpah" rings, and inviting men to come and buy "breach of promise cigars" and "widow's mite cigarettes." The result was such a big business that the police had to stand by to keep the pavement clear, while nineteen men, mostly widowers, came and offered themselves to marriage.

## Pinches All Round.

She—My new gown is just lovely. It's a perfect fit. He—Satisfied on that point, eh? She—Yes. I know it's a good fit because it pinches me so. He—Well, it doesn't pinch you half as much as it does my pocketbook.—Philadelphia Press.

## THE FARMERS BANK OF CLARKSBURG.

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